That did neuer chooſe amis,
Some there be that ſhadowes kis.
Such haue but a ſhadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluerd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Arrag. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle ſingd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles when they doe chooſe,
They haue the wiſedome by their wit to looſe.
Nerriſſ. The auncient ſaying is no heriſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtinie.
Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Lady.
Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?
Meſſ. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit, (beſides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweete
To ſhow how coſtly Sommer was at hand;
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpendſt ſuch high day wit in prayſing him:

Come